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"A Day at Concord"

Gary Scharnhorst

[Editor's Note: Professor Scharnhorst discovered the letter from which the following passage is excerpted in the *Boston Evening Transcript* of 22 December 1890, 7:1-2, printed under the title "A Day at Concord." The correspondent, Ms. Porter, had been invited to Concord by Anna and Walton Ricketson, who were living in Concord at the time. While in town, on 10 December, Ms. Porter heard Dr. Edward Emerson lecture in the town hall on Thoreau.]

The lecture was, indeed, as I had expected it would be, a thoroughly enjoyable one. The remarkable intellectual power and originality of Thoreau as a writer were not so much dwelt upon by the lecturer as was the practical side of his life among them in Concord, his love of Nature, also of music; and his great helpfulness in the family of the Emersons, of which for some time he was an inmate, was spoken of, and illustrated by facts and incidents that were of real interest to the audience and of great value to know. Many pleasant recollections of the lecturer's childhood were given; also of Thoreau's delightful stories told the children, of his walks with them in the woods and fields; also of his making musical instruments, that they called trombones, from the stalks of the pumpkin vines or sometimes from those of the odorous onion. We were told of the school that his brother John kept and of Henry's assistance to him as a teacher; interesting testimony was given from old pupils in regard to the two brothers and the characteristics and idiosyncrasies of each. His affection for his mother and sister was dwelt upon and his helpfulness to his father, in a practical way, by assisting him in the manufacture of lead pencils, which was once the business occupation of his father. In reference to the charge that has been so often made against Thoreau—namely, that he was an imitator—Dr. Emerson said, most decidedly, that he was too original a thinker to consciously imitate anyone, and that however much close association and kinship of thought with another may have tinged

his writing[,] no *conscious* imitation of anyone could be laid to his charge. Many little things relating to Thoreau's life in Concord were told and the lecture seemed to greatly interest the large audience of his townspeople and friends there assembled. It was pleasant to see that the venerable mother of the lecturer, as well as his two sisters, Miss Emerson and Mrs. Forbes, were present, also Judge Hoar, Judge Brooks, and in fact all the notable Concord worthies, were there to listen to the lecture from the son of Emerson, who seemed thoroughly to appreciate the originality and strength of Thoreau as a writer and ardent lover of nature, and who was able to see and prove that there was another side of his character that had not always been recognized; namely, the practical one. Dr. Emerson recited in a very spirited manner one or two poems, and I wished that, in conclusion, he would give the audience the loveliest tribute ever paid Thoreau; namely, that exquisite poem of Louisa Alcott's, called "Thoreau's Flute." Of this poem, written soon after Thoreau's death, for the *Atlantic Monthly*, at a time when the names of the writers were withheld, Miss Alcott once told me a pleasant story. One day when Mr. Alcott was calling upon Longfellow, the poet said to him, taking up a new *Atlantic*, "Have you read Emerson's fine poem on Thoreau's Flute?" Proceeding to read it aloud, he had only read a few lines when Mr. Alcott interrupted him, so excited was he, and exclaimed with delight, "Mr. Longfellow, Emerson didn't write that—but my daughter Louisa did!" Years afterward, in relating it, Louisa said to me, "I can tell you I felt happy and proud when father came home and told me of such great praise from Mr. Longfellow. . . ."

In talking with Dr. Emerson after the lecture I asked him if the lecture would not be printed, expressing a wish that it might be, his reply was, "Well, for years I have felt it to be a pious duty to do this and I suppose I shall feel the same about its publication." If it is published it will be an interesting supplement to his life of his father, which is to me by far the best thing that has been written of Emerson and his life in Concord.

I recall with distinctness that it was the delight of my girlhood to attend with my mother

the conversations of Alcott in the parlors of the clergyman of the Unitarian Church at Lynn, Rev. Samuel Dowse Robbins, a brother of Rev. Chandler Robbins. Mr. Robbins was one of the early Transcendentalists, and took a great interest in having his people attend Mr. Alcott's Conversations, as well as Mr. Emerson's drawing-room lectures. Great was my pleasure in being allowed to go with my mother to the conversations. Not much, however, at the early age of twelve could I understand of the lofty talk of the great philosopher from Concord. Some years later, in 1849 or 1850, Thoreau came to our seaside town and gave four lectures in the drawing room of an uncle of mine. I remember one especially—it was on "Bogs"—and also recall that a commonplace and most prosaic neighbor of ours was so disgusted that he remarked, "What fools they must be to give five dollars to go to John B—'s and hear a crank from Concord talk about the beauties of nature, of ponds and muddy bogs!" So much for difference of tastes. How true is the old adage that "What is one man's meat is another man's poison. . . ."

MARIA S. PORTER.

Concord, Dec. 12.



15 April 1858

A Week in London

[Editor's Note: The following excerpt is from Jack London's short story, "The Night-Born," originally published in *Everybody's Magazine*, July 1911, but here taken from the reprinting in *Jack London: A Trilogy*, Introduction by Earle Labor (Glen Ellen, CA: Jack London Research Center, 1985), 16-17. In his introduction, Labor says of "The Night-Born," "This fascinating tale is one of the most complex structurally that London ever wrote: It is a double-frame narrative, introduced by an anonymous narrator-participant in a San Francisco men's club, then passed along to the protagonist Trefethan (who tells of his fateful meeting with the magnificent white woman who rules a tribe of Indians in some Edenic lost valley in the Northland), passed along next to Lucy herself (who tells her own wonderful tale of liberation from drudgery), and

finally returned to Trefethan and the anonymous narrator." The passage that Lucy read on "a scrap of newspaper" and that prompted her liberation—and that provided London with the title for his story—is from *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* and can be found on page 55 of the Princeton Edition.]

Trefethan halted in his tale for a moment, completing to himself some thread of thought.

"And this is the woman I met up there in the Arctic, running a tribe of wild Indians and a few thousand square miles of hunting territory. And it happened simply enough, though, for that matter, she might have lived and died among the pots and pans. But 'Came the whisper, came the vision.' [T]hat was all she needed, and she got it.

"I woke up one day," she said. 'Just happened on it in a scrap of newspaper. I remember every word of it, and I can give it to you.' And then she quoted Thoreau's *Cry of the Human*:

"The young pines springing up in the corn field from year to year are to me a refreshing fact. We talk of civilizing the Indian, but that is not the name for his improvement. By the wary independence and aloofness of his dim forest life he preserves his intercourse with his native gods and is admitted from time to time to a rare and peculiar society with nature. He has glances of starry recognition, to which our saloons are strangers. The steady illumination of his genius, dim only because distant, is like the faint but satisfying light of the stars compared with the dazzling but ineffectual and shortlived blaze of candles. The Society Islanders had their day-born god, but they were not supposed to be of equal antiquity with the . . . night-born gods.'

"That's what she did, repeated it word for word, and I forgot the tang, for it was solemn, a declaration of religion—pagan, if you will; and clothed in the living garmenture of herself.

"[']And the rest of it was torn away,' she added, a great emptiness in her voice. 'It was only a scrap of newspaper. But that Thoreau was a wise man. I wish I knew more about him.' She stopped a moment, and I swear her face was ineffably holy as she said, 'I could have made him a good wife.'

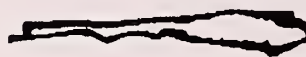
"And then she went on. 'I knew right away, as soon as I read that, what was the matter with me. I was a night-born. I, who had lived all my life with the day-born, was a night-born. That was why I had never been satisfied with cooking and dishwashing; that was why I had hankered to run naked in the moonlight. And I knew that this dirty little Juneau hashjoint was no place for me. And right there and then I said, "I quit."'

Additions to the Thoreau Bibliography

Walter Harding

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- , "Emerson, Thoreau and the Orient—The Offices of James Elliot Cabot." *ARLR*, 5 (1991): 211-23.
- , "Hawthorne and Concord Legendry—Thoreau's Old Settler and the Spectral Warrior of 1776." *ARLR*, 5 (1991): 223-26.
- , "The H.G.O. Blake Correspondence—An Annotated Checklist." *ARLR*, 5 (1991), 150-71.
- , "Henry Thoreau's Reading: A Supplement with Areas for Fresh Explorations." *ARLR*, 5 (1991): 235-88. A supplement to Sattelmeyer's *Thoreau's Reading*, with a checklist of autographs in Thoreau's own books, a catalog of books in the Concord Town Library, and other such checklists. This is also all published as a separate 53-page book.
- , "Parameters of American Romanticism and Transcendentalism: A Chronological Ordering of Sanborn's 700 Recently Gathered Literary Papers." *ARLR*, 5 (1991): 327-62.
- , "The Probable Contents of Thoreau's Notebooks on Old Concord Poetry." *ARLR*, 5 (1991): 137-49.
- , "Thoreau Family Reading in the Town's Newspapers (1823-1862)." *ARLR*, 5 (1991): 196-210.
- , "Thoreau's 'Boat Song,' Philip Freneau and the Imagination." *ARLR*, 5 (1991): 96-99.
- , "What Thoreau Found in the *Vishnu Purana* in 1845: The Passages with Their Contexts." *ARLR*, 5 (1991): 20-56.
- Carafiol, Peter. *The American Ideal*. New York: Oxford, 1991. 212 pp. \$29.95. Carafiol attempts to demonstrate that major scholars from Frothingham to Bercoitch have so trivialized Transcendentalism that it no longer appeals to anyone but the specialist. He then attempts through analysis of Emerson's essay on "Transcendentalism" and Thoreau's *Week* to make them more meaningful, but ends up with interpretations far less satisfying to me at least than those he denounces. He makes of what he calls "American Literary Scholarship" (that is, all current criticism) a great bugaboo and says he wants to "develop new terms for the relationship of life." A noble aim, but I don't see that he accomplishes it.
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- , "A Preliminary Checklist of Machine-Readable Thoreau Texts." *TRN*, 2 (October 1991): 7-8.
- , "A Sketch of Thoreau's Friend John Lewis Russell." *TRN*, 2 (April 1991): 3-4.
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- 64 (September 1991): 433-44. Argues that Thoreau did not.
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- Miller, Douglas T. *Henry David Thoreau: A Man for All Seasons*. New York: Facts on File, 1991. 114 pp. A short introduction to Thoreau, his life, works, and impact, written especially for young people. It has little new to say (that is not its intention), but it tells well what it has to say with felicitous prose and apt quotations. It is indeed a good introduction to Thoreau and catches his spirit well.
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- Shelburne, Steven. "David E. Tenney's Reminiscences of Concord During the Early 1840s." *TRN*, 2 (October 1991): 1-7. Reveals that Emerson's cook thought Thoreau wasn't worth his porridge to do the chores.
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- , *Camminare*. "Walking" trans. into Italian by Maria Antonietta Prina, with an Afterword by Franco Meli. Milan: SE, 1989.
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- We are indebted to the following for information sent in for this bibliography: A. Black, C. Burley, R. Chute, A. Cimon, B. Dean, P. Dooley, P. Huber, E. Johnson, C. Klister, R. Lester, W. Macauley, R. O'Connor, E. Schofield, S. Waring, and A. Zwinger. Please keep Walter Harding (19 Oak Street, Geneseo, NY 14554) informed of items he has missed and new ones as they appear.



29 January 1858

I Discover Thoreau

Alice de Montigny

Near the end of July 1882, I, having no ax to grind, borrowed money and went north from Texas to the Massachusetts woods by North Spectacle Pond, where I intended to build a new life, and began to cut down the tall arrowy white pines of my twelve-year marriage—forsaken.¹

Suddenly and unconditionally in the summer of 1982 I was without the one with whom I chose to share my life. Though my parents and a special aunt offered my two daughters and myself the security of low-rent shelter within their homes, the problem of reorganizing and reevaluating life as a single parent remained an onerous process. A crucial routine of forming and implementing endless domestic decisions, caring for my daughters, commuting and adjusting to a new blue-collar job, and lamenting the loss of one who represented my hope of being loved, consumed long exhausting days. I was the selfless machine of distaff folly—father, mother, sole wage earner, domestic engineer, and protector of a family. Only in the web of a challenging friendship I created deliberately and patiently during stolen hours did I nourish my starving imagination, gradually gaining strength and self-confidence within my own individuality.

It began when a February snow tucked us in for the night. Friday! A long work-week and treacherous commute to North Spec was behind us. Nestled in Grandma's upstairs guest bed, my daughters awaited a familiar lullaby story as I combed a farrago of books flooding a three-legged window-side table. One extraneous tome, probably a relic my younger brother rescued on the job at the paper mill, was a newcomer like us. It was well-bound but without a cover, and its inset page shone of forest-green taffeta. While I stroked the cool fabric and ruminated of childhood, of my sisters dancing to the rustling percussion of silky homemade taffeta dresses, my daughters grew impatient. They were a pair of germinating seeds planted in the quilts, fostering dormant vines of imagination ready to sprout with every twist in a story. Hastily I returned the uncovered *Walden*, grabbed *Charlotte's Web*, our serial favorite, and was inadvertently distracted by a tottering light outside the frosted window. Along the wooded drive, juggling a lantern and lumbering on snowshoes inside a curtain of shimmering snow shower, plodded our neighbor, the bee-keeper Bryce Pume, one of the pond area's secret eccentrics. He would shoe the perimeter of the pond before returning to his camp-house solitude. Such elaborate play; I had learned only to work. Sandwiching myself between the girls, I read spider Charlotte's words, "You have been my friend. That in itself is a tremendous thing. I wove my web for you because I liked you."² As I continued to read, the girls dozed off, and I lay awake yearning for friendship.

Women at work and at childcare were through sympathizing with my single-parent plight. They had stories to compete with mine

and dominated conversations with banal topics of television soap operas, food preparation, and dieting woes. Men offered detailed accounts of their difficult jobs and puffed on cigars and cigarettes as they bragged about spending time gambling, observing and taking part in competitive sports, and imbibing. Solitude seemed a better alternative for me. I crept out of bed, lifted the uncovered *Walden*, and, turning to a random page, read silently:

I had three pieces of limestone on my desk, but I was terrified to find that they required to be dusted daily, when the furniture of my mind was all undusted still, and I threw them out the window in disgust.³

I thought of my failed friendship with the one who represented my hope of being loved. The trusted one had unquestionably thrown his daughters and me out the window as if we were three dusty pieces of limestone. I cried myself to sleep.

The next morning before the girls awoke I returned to the *Walden* passage by the winter window. For the first time in my life I was affording myself a major personal choice: I could surrender to ennui, burying myself forever in domestic busy-work, or I could secure a little free time to toss those limestones and face the vulnerability of new frontiers in friendship. In choosing the latter I decided to meet Mr. Pume and was yet to realize that Henry Thoreau was the enduring friend I would discover.

I bargained with Mom and Dad for two to three hours childcare each weekend, which enabled me to visit Mr. Pume when he chose to be home, when he chose to be visited. Bryce allowed me to observe him work the bees, tend the garden, and build from scratch a new cabin home deep in the woods. I learned early in the friendship to avoid personal questions about his past life, to abandon ideas of dating, to leave all conversation regarding my children on the back burner, and to love him unconditionally while never expecting to be loved by him. To all limits I agreed and observed Mr. Pume. Though he never invited me to join him in endeavors, he always spent time with me in the sharing of stories. We laughed together. We were "kind to each other's dreams."⁴

I clung to the friendship as if I would die without searching for stories to share, robbing sleep in the wee hours of the morning reading, thinking, and writing weekly letters filled with poetry describing my positive observations of Bryce at work and play. These I would mail to Mr. Pume, hoping the letters would be my foot in

his door.

Pume first challenged me to define Henry Beston's "complicated artifice" from *The Outermost House*. In the process of seeking the meaning I stumbled onto the fact that Henry Beston revered Henry Thoreau. From that day on I consumed parcels of Thoreau before work each morning and puttied all the gaps of my Pume friendship with the gold of Henry Thoreau.

The third stanza of Emerson's "The Apology" became my credo:

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

Henry encouraged me to row the boat, camp in the woods with the girls, help my dad in his garden, walk and ponder in the woods, pick blueberries and frequent the apple orchards, learn to name the pond flora, to enjoy poetry and folk music, to be deliberate always in making decisions, and to trust solitude and my imagination. I loved *Walden* and the stories of Henry's life so dearly that Mr. Pume accused me jealously of idolizing Henry. I said boldly to Bryce that Henry was not my idol but my friend. From that day on Henry Thoreau became Bryce's friend, too!

I knew sadly after four years of story-sharing that I was outgrowing a friendship with Bryce. I was ready and willing to stand alone if I could not have a friend who would consider me an equal. From wonderful Henry and his faithful affinities I had learned to seek autonomy and value simple pleasures in life.

Today I have a friend who considers me his equal, who is also my husband. We sometimes indulge in music, books, and adventures that Henry might have enjoyed. Though my friend, my husband, never considers Henry Thoreau his close friend as I do, he smiles and understands me if I fantasize that uplifting M  hul "La Chasse de jeune Henri" is music telling the story of Henry Thoreau searching the woods for his hound, bay horse, and turtle dove; or if I chastise David Barto for asking the *Walden* public to believe Henry was averse to marriage and that Thoreau believed in a totally male God; and when I lament the horrors of oil spills and chemical and nuclear waste disposal, adding that Henry would be so ashamed.

I am proud that my life followed the pattern of Henry's from great loss (his brother John's death; my first husband's desertion) to the redemption of spirit at *Walden Pond* (North Spec was my *Walden*) and finally to the emergence of

strong individuality into society through family bonds (for Henry, the love of the Emerson household in 1847⁵; for me, present friendship within marriage).

Notes

¹ Henry David Thoreau, *Walden* (Franklin Center, PA: Franklin Library, 1981), 48.

² E. B. White, *Charlotte's Web* (New York: Harper & Row, 1973), 164.

³ *Walden*, 43.

⁴ Robert Burleigh, *A Man Named Thoreau* (New York: Antheneum, 1985), 22.

⁵ Walter Harding, *The Days of Henry Thoreau* (New York: Dover, 1982), 121-22.



27 November 1857

Edward Hoar on Thoreau

Walter Harding

When Henry Salt, the English biographer of Thoreau, was working on his 1890 biography, he wrote to many of Thoreau's still living friends and asked them for their opinion of Thoreau. Edward Hoar, son of Concord's leading citizen, Samuel Hoar, was one of those who replied. His letter can now be found in the Thoreau collection of the late Raymond Adams of Chapel Hill, NC. Salt had given much of his personal collection to Professor Adams in the mid 1930s. Salt used a few sentences from this letter in his 1890 life (pp. 118 and 179), but otherwise it seems to be unpublished.

Concord Massachusetts
October 2^d 1889.

Dear Sir

In reply to your note of Sept. 9th concerning Thoreau, I regret to say that I have no characteristic letters or unpublished records that would be of general interest.

I accompanied him in 1854 in one of his canoe voyages in northern Maine, and in 1858 botanized with him around and upon the White Mountains & Monadnoc in New-Hampshire, and occasionally on and near the Concord River.

In his delightful essay entitled 'Natural History of Massachusetts' he says 'the true man of science will know nature better, by his finer organization; he will smell, taste, see, hear, feel

better than other men.' And in one of his Letters he says, 'To an adventurous spirit, London, New-York, Worcester, or his own yard, is unexplored land, to seek which Fremont & Kane travel so far.' In these sentences, he has described his own alert, keen and untiring curiosity, and sympathetic study of Animated Nature. (In his poetic imagination there was no *inanimate* nature.) All these things, however, you will learn better from his books than I can tell you.

As to his courage & manliness, any body who had seen him among the Penobscot rocks & rapids, the Indian trusting his life and his canoe to Thoreau's skill[,] promptitude & nerve, would never doubt it.

To his English style, at its best equal to DeFoe's (for example, the first pages of the "Cape Cod," describing the shipwreck,) I think full justice has never been done. Dignity, simplicity & directness, French accuracy, autochthonous New England homeliness & humor. It was a new flavor in Literature.

If he had any affectation in his aspiring and sincere nature, it was his so called misanthropy—a sort of inherited petulance, that covered a sensitive & affectionate nature easily wounded by the scornful criticism, which his new departure sometimes brought upon him.

After 25 years, pilgrims still visit his grave, to gather or to leave a flower.

All this, however, is, I suppose, aside from the purpose of your letter. Wishing you all success in calling the attention of this age of millionaires and strikes to this "Romance of a poor young man," I am

Respectfully yours
Edward S. Hoar.

Another Review of *Walden*

Richard E. Winslow III

[Editor's Note: Winslow discovered the following review in the Dover, NH, *Morning Star* of 6 September 1854, p. 2, cols. 3-4, under the heading "Recent Publications."]

Messrs. Ticknor, Reed and Fields have issued a unique book, entitled, "Walden, or Life in the Woods." It is from the pen of Mr. Henry D. Thoreau, who built him a little cabin on the banks of Walden Pond, in Massachusetts, and for some two or three years pursued a very primitive style of living. The book is a record of his doings and thinkings during this time; and has a spice of style and genius which often beguiles the

reader on, he can hardly tell why. It forcibly illustrates how fictitious and unreal are many of even our supposed necessities; and on this account is to be hailed as a valuable contribution to our literature. But it is wanting in any earnest purpose; life seems to him altogether a thing to be played with, and thrown away when it fails—as under such circumstances it will, and besides contains some sentiments at war not only with society as it is, but as it should be. To those who are given to reflection, and who can properly both guard against error and sift out the wheat from the chaff, it will prove a profitable as well as pleasant book.



28 November 1857

Parker Pillsbury, the Walden Cabin, and the Underground Railroad

Walter Harding

Over the years reference has often been made to Thoreau's cabin at Walden Pond as a station on the Underground Railroad ferrying escaped slaves to freedom in Canada. Even though Thoreau does mention in *Walden* entertaining a slave in his Walden cabin, that must have been an exceptional occurrence, for there would have been no place to hide the slave. It instead was his parents' house on Main Street where the slaves were hidden before being ferried on towards Canada. There they could easily be hidden in the house's many rooms or attic or cellar, and we have frequent testimony that such did occur. One more bit of evidence pointing in this direction is a letter written by Parker Pillsbury, one of the best-known anti-slavery men of the time and a long-standing personal friend of Thoreau, written to Alfred ("Fred") Hosmer, the early Concord Thoreau enthusiast. Its manuscript is bound into the "grangerized" copy of Henry Salt's 1890 biography of Thoreau, which can be found in the Hosmer collection in the Concord Free Public Library. The Whitings, Brookses, and Bigelows were all Concord citizens who were active in the Underground Railroad.

The text is here printed with the gracious permission of the Concord Free Public Library, Marcia Moss, Curator of Manuscripts.

Concord, N.H.
August 27, 1890—

My dear Mr. Hosmer,

. . . . As to the Walden Cottage ever being in any sense; an *under ground Rail way Depot*, I must doubt it. We had Fugitive Slave lecturers like Fred. Douglass and W^m Wells Brown who would have called no doubt to see Thoreau at his Walden Cottage but no flying slave would ever have sought him there nor do I think Col. Whiting, or Mrs. Brooks, or Mr. & Mrs. Bigelow would ever have taken them there for concealment.

Concord was the mid way station between Boston and Fitchburg for underground travel to Canada by that route; and I know was often a shelter and resting place, and some times concealment too for the hunted fugitives. . . .

Parker Pillsbury



24 October 1857

Lyceum Curator's Corner

Anne McGrath

In 1854 Elizabeth Rogers Mason Cabot was living with her family at 63 Mount Vernon Street in Boston. She was enjoying the life of a post debutante, had already made one trip to Europe, and with her contemporaries was looking forward to making a good marriage and "living happily ever after." What does this have to do with Henry Thoreau? Let me quote from Elizabeth's diary of 15 August, when the Cabots were staying at their summer home in New Hampshire:

"I have finished this morning Thoreau's *Concord and Merrimack Rivers*; it has given me a little tidbit of reading every day for a long time, and is far from exhausted yet, for I am eager to go back and examine some of the truths more thoroughly. It is a life-giving book and gives a picture of life from a point of view entirely unaffected by the artificial world created by man. He is a man without money, not poor, because able to get his daily bread with small toil, and desiring nothing more, untrammelled entirely (as no man with very warm affections I think could be) by the opinions or feelings of others, afraid of

nothing, intimate with nature as a bosom friend, learned in all the wisdom of the world handed down in books, ignoring ambition, position, aimless as far as concerns this world, and as unbiased as I can imagine possible. Added to these advantages are a pure large nature, vigorous intellect, and healthy life moral and physical. He is all-convincing at the time, and ought to be, for he is merely putting in practice, the principles which all daily preach, but none entirely make facts. Yet when we would follow him, our old habits of feeling rush back on us, making his purer practice a sort of dream, from which we awake, sorry that it is gone, and almost doubting still which is the unreality, the world we have left, or the world we awake to. I believe solemnly and sincerely that the spiritual life should be first, material last, and needs a very small corner, and yet we place it practically first, because other people do. I know no better reason."

From: *From More than Common Powers of Perception: The Diary of Elizabeth Rogers Mason Cabot*, P.A.M. Taylor, ed. (Boston: Beacon Press, 1991).



2 November 1857

Notes & Queries

At Thanksgiving time, the Rainbow Room at Rockefeller Center in New York City advertised in the *New York Times* (15 November): "This Thanksgiving march to a different drumstick."

Robert Sattelmeyer, in "Ellery Channing in 1855 Massachusetts Census" (*TRN*, 2, Spring 1991, 8), points out that Channing was listed in that census as a "Do Nothing."

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